THE PACIFIC

VOL. LVII. BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 27, 1907. No. 26

GTU Theo Sem Reading Room

OUR COUNTRY.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
  Dear country of our love and prayer;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
  But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
  By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
  Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

Great, without seeking to be great
  By fraud or conquest; rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
  Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
  And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee.
  God of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give
  Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
  And at thy need shall die for thee.

—John G. Whittier.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Entered temporarily at Berkeley as second-class matter

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $2 per year.

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WHAT SHALL BE DONE ABOUT IT?

There is in California a town of about 2,500 inhabitants in which there are eight churches. They are: Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Baptist, "Christian," Methodist Episcopal North, Methodist South, Episcopal and Catholic. The highest salary received is $700, and that goes to a minister who has seven children. Another pastor has a promised salary of $600, but receives only $450. There are no parsonages.

The Methodist Protestant, of Baltimore states that several churches in the Maryland conference have accepted a suggestion to increase the salaries of the pastors at least as much as twenty per cent; but the opinion is that the preachers most needing the increase are not likely to get it.

Dr. Josiah Strong, an eminent statistician, says that the average income per family in all parts of the country is $751 a year, and the expenditures $689. But it has been estimated that one-third of the preachers in the country receive an average of less than $400 a year. "Thirteen trades in New York pay their workingmen $1,200 a year. A union hod-carrier in New York receives $900 a year. In Busks County, Pa., five of the thirteen Methodist preachers receive less than $350. In Idaho six of the twenty Congregational preachers receive less than $400. Of the forty-four Methodist preachers in Idaho, twenty-three receive less than $400."

Put a San Francisco hod carrier's wages before any of these ministerial salaries, and there is a total eclipse. Indeed the hod carrier gets more today in San Francisco than two-thirds of the ministers get.

Our contemporary from whom we have quoted says further:

"A lawyer often gets as much for one case as a minister gets in a year, and sometimes the fee is so enormous that it amounts to more than the Maryland conference pays all its ministers in ten years. A physician or surgeon, having a rich patient with a bad case, will charge more than the highest paid pastor gets in a year. Now it is quite certain that many of these under-paid ministers, in other professions, with no greater energy nor industry than their church requires, would easily command the salaries and fees that make others financially easy."

We give here an extract from a letter which we received a few days ago from a former Pacific coast pastor:

"I should long ago have notified you of change of address and also have paid you what I owe you, but the expenses of moving and getting settled again were pretty heavy so that I could not see my way clear to pay up until today. I am not now in the ministry, having retired to take a very promising business opening which the state of my finances practically compelled me to do. I am getting on my feet rapidly now and hope soon to be absolutely free from obligation to any save to love them. Many ministers, I surmise, find it hard in these times to keep afloat and to pass with Bradstreet and Dunn. It seems to me that the church must find some way to better requite her ministering servants or else we will have to come to some such plan as that which is followed by the fraternities, where everyone takes his turn at service and without remuneration, and with a very few salaried leaders and such only for general oversight. Possibly such a plan could not be worked at all. I believe, however, that the early church more nearly than we do exemplified the 'priesthood of believers.' It is impossible for a minister to live and meet the requirements asked of him; this is most transparently clear, and I for one do not believe fewer men are found seeking the ministry now than formerly because they have caught the itch for material enrichment and pass the ministry by because it offers such indifferent inducements in this respect. The ministry is not despised. Men still honor it, but there is a certain and well-founded impression that a man can hardly maintain a standing as an honest man nowadays on the salary which the church finds itself able and willing to pay. We have just raised our pastor's salary to $1,500 a year. I know that this is small enough considering the extraordinary conditions. When I think of the poor fellows out in the smaller places toiling for a bare living and cheerfully doing for the pittance which they receive the highest kind of service to their day and generation and to future generations as well, I feel pretty sorry. I personally am in line to do well financially, and if I am successful I certainly intend to do something to make things better for the men who tell us the good news. I never prized the ministry more than right now."

There are others out of the regular work of the ministry who say as this man says that they never prized the ministry more than now. But they cannot feel that they would be justified in turning to it again on what is offered them. One man in California said to a church the other day, "I cannot, in justice to my family, consider a call."

We had been hoping that to some extent this salary problem would be solved ere long by the union of a large number of denominations. But church union movements are not promising. That between the Presbyterians and the Cumberland Presbyterians leaves behind it a pretty good sized Cumberland Presbyterian Church. That for the union of the Congregationalists, the United Brethren and Methodist Protestants is being opposed by not a few of the larger, richer, and more influential churches among the Congregationalists. We wonder whether in so doing they have considered where the defeat of the movement will leave the struggling churches and the pastors in the fields that are overchurched. Large, rich, flourishing churches, and the pastors thereof, can get along very well without church union, but many

others, without it, will drag out a miserable existence.

In some way, churches must pay higher salaries if men are to be attracted to and held in the work of the ministry. There is no commercial spirit about; ministers must have sufficient to support themselves and families. Either the churches, as they are, must pay more, or they must combine and do it. If church members are paying all that they can pay—then let the miserable conditions be ended by some union of churches.

For these reasons alone men who oppose church union should pause and consider long and well before they act finally.

A STORY OF MIGRATIONS.

Experiences in Kansas City.

The Rev. J. M. Cromer of Kansas City, Missouri, writes in an interesting manner in The Lutheran Observer on "The Church Problem in Kansas City." A part of the article is a graphic story of movings by the churches of different denominations as the needs of the rapidly growing city have encroached upon them. Mr. Cromer has been in Kansas City for twenty-three years. We quote from his article as follows:

"Only those on the ground can know what it is to do church work in a city which in so short a time grows from less than fifty thousand population to over three hundred thousand. I pass over the common hindrances, such as the opposing forms of scepticism which have here banded themselves for the overthrow of our faith, general religious indifference which like the dry-rot seeks to sap the life of our churches, the fierce battle against Sabbath desecration and amusements of all kinds which lure the unwary believer from his faith, and similar hindrances which we must expect to meet so long as the conflict between truth and righteousness prevails. I speak only of the ceaseless and persistent migration of the people toward the suburbs.

"One of our leading citizens who might be expected to be wise in such things, has moved three times within our recollection, each time building a home where he expected to spend the remainder of his days somewhat removed from the bustle of business, the last time thinking to make assurance doubly sure by buying twenty acres and putting up a handsome home with flower conservatories, etc., of which he proudly boasted, that now he had gotten out of the way of the city, only to see the city overtake him and go more than a mile beyond.

"This is the common story of our churches. Every Protestant church but one has moved, some once, some twice, and some three times, in a vain effort to keep up with the procession. The Second Presbyterian Church moved once nine blocks and put up a thirty thousand dollar church. Then it moved about the same distance and put up a church costing about $100,000, and it is now struggling against the scatterment of its members, the smell of paint having hardly died away from its new building. The First Congregational Church moved almost as far and put up a building costing almost $100,000, and has just sold out for $150,000, and consliodated with what was once a suburban church over a mile away from the first at a cost of $125,000, and call themselves a down-town church. The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church has moved now the second time, and is building for over $100,000, over a mile away from its first location, and is still a down-town church. The Calvary Baptist Church has moved the same distance almost and built a magnificent church, and is fighting this demon of removal with what strength it has. The Southern Presbyterian Church moved about the same distance, and built almost as well, and though possibly the strongest single congregation in the city, is sorely feeling the inroads of removal. The First Baptist Church went out as far as possible at first, and has just sold out for $150,000, and will move almost three miles out from its present location. The Dundee Methodist Episcopal Church was still farther out, but sold some years ago, and built about three miles out, which every one thought was foolish but the movers themselves, to find themselves now in the midst of the most populous part of the city, with more children in their school than they can accommodate. The Westminster Congregational Church has sold out its old property and gone about three miles south and built a large church. And we might go on naming others covering the hundred or more churches in the city. The First Lutheran Church moved a mile away from its old location twenty years ago, and built next a pasture field with a rail-fence around it, and where there were no pavements, and has long had a struggle for its very existence because it has no neighborhood constituency. Grace Lutheran Church was organized in 1900, and moved a mile away and bought, and is now looking out for a new location at least two miles farther out. The Memorial Lutheran Church has struggled on against this fearful handicap, and has lost more than it could easily make up, and is looking for a place somewhere near some of its members.

"Two churches are unique in this respect. The Grand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church still holds on at the old stand. One of its pastors made the remark that he was preaching to a procession. But they had a good many rich members to keep them afloat. Their Sunday-school has, however, run down from an enrollment of 1,000 to about 150. Their property is worth $200,000, and they are going to try the experiment of improving it by building a huge office building on the site and having a large audience room built on the second floor. When paid for, the rentals would make a very liberal endowment. The other unique church, which is the only one coming anywhere near solving the problem, is the Distciples' Church. Some of the elements of their success are, first a large population of their people from Kentucky; then some of their very best men have been on the ground from the beginning. Dr. Haley, their nestor, is still here doing the work of the best of them even in his old age; then they have had much wealth, one of their members giving $70,000 towards the building of his church; then it is the home of their church boards. But more than all they have kept up a constant revival effort. They do more denominational evangelism than any other denomination in the city. So that the old church of which Dr. Haley was the pastor had 1,000 members, and for seven successive years sent a swarm of one hundred to form a new church, the membership remaining at 1,000 through all this and the ordinary removals combined. They have the largest membership, the finest churches, and more able preachers than any other denomination in the city."

Mr. Cromer closes his article with a consideration of that part of the problem which especially concerns his own denomination, first however remarking concerning the swarming method of the Disciples:

"Where the parent church can do this it has great advantage. It can follow every group of members with a chapel and then draw from every denomination in building up. First the children go to Sunday-school. Soon they become members. They are attached to their school and join that church, and where the children go the parents follow."

Concerning the Lutheran problem he writes: "We are now in the midst of the most restless and uneasy period of church work we have seen. And the end is not yet. Some say we are only beginning to grow, and they have much upon which to base their prediction. What are our poor Lutheran churches to do? The Lord only knows. Not that we are discouraged, but that we want to meet the problem in some way to save as much of our labor as possible. I have had members wait for five years and more for me to come a little nearer to them with my church. It is the same with other churches. But at last they go. They cannot stand the car-fare, the inconveniences, etc, etc. Do not wonder that we are still weak. Rather wonder that we have survived and still live."

It is the old perplexing problem. And it will continue to be perplexing, and will worry greatly all those who have to deal with it. It will cease to do this only when the weaker denominations in any given city conclude to let their people go whenever they wish to go, and consider that they are saving their labor as much as possible when they save them for any denomination. The time is rapidly drawing near when churches everywhere will cease talking about saving for themselves. The exigencies of the work will demand it. The thought will be for the common goal. We believe that God wills it, and that in some way it will come to pass. Christian churches may have to go into deep tribulation before it comes. But come it will.

SELECTING SITES FOR CHURCHES.

Would Christ Do It As We Do It?

The writer of the religious notes for The Boston Transcript has a friend whom he calls Kibono. He says that Kibono crossed his path the other day and stopped long enough "to give vent to certain opinions regarding the tendency of churches to locate themselves in the fashionable districts to the neglect of the fields that swarm with humanity of the common type." All that follows is from the Transcript:

"Tell me, O Churchman," said he, "the reason why; is it because the club idea dominates or is it in the interests of self-preservation?" "I fancy both considerations determine the policy" was my reply, "though I hope there is less of the former than of the latter attitude." "But ought there to be any other reason for locating a church than the prospect of the good it may do the outside world?" "Well, somebody's got to pay the bills," I said. "If the revenue needed can't or doesn't come from the immediate surroundings, the church must either be endowed or seek a more fertile pasturage elsewhere." "Commercialism, pure and simple," retorted the rampant Kibono. "Let me tell you what I discovered not long ago in a city where I was spending several months. Maybe you can justify the situation, but I can't."

"A few years ago in this particular community," Kibono went on to say, "the tide of population began to set toward a certain newly opened and attractive residential section. Today five churches are to be found there within a quarter of a mile of one another and several within a stone's throw. Now of those five churches the four that moved in recently, left a larger population in the vicinity of their former location than that which they find in the region to which they have migrated. But they happen to be now in the distinctly fashionable zone where they can hope, provided the competition is not too severe, for the patronage of the wealthy and well-to-do. It makes a fine little bevy of handsome churches in the centre of a patrician residential district, but three or even two would amply suffice for the homes thereabouts, a considerable number of which are childless or one-child homes. But meantime I can't help thinking of the gaps made by their withdrawal from the fields where they were. I tell you"—and here Kibono began to appear a bit heated—"we modern Christians don't pick out the sites for our new churches as Christ would select them. We choose the spacious boulevards. He would put them down in the midst of the cheaper apartments or close to the railroad stations or in the business thoroughfares where men come and go. Theoretically we Christians want to do as Christ would do but practically we like much better on Sunday morning to put on our silk hats and frock coats and go to church where we'll have good preaching and fine music and above all meet the members of our own set."

Thus spake Kibono, who is no suppositious character invented for the purpose of this department, but a flesh-and-blood entity. Though he dredges deep, his criticisms are from the point of view of an insider, for he is an official in an orthodox church himself and has been known on occasion to vote with his brethren who follow in matters eclesiastical the dictates of expediency rather than the counsels of idealism. Moreover, what I like best about him is that he confesses his own complicity in courses of action, which give color to the assertion that many a Protestant church is a class church rather than a democratic inclusive brotherhood. In such frank and friendly critics as Kibono within the pale of the church lies the hope of its deliverance from a narrow exclusiveness and of its emergence from a weak, hesitating attitude to one of courage and power in its grapple with the world as it really is. I am not unfamiliar with the arguments for moving the church whither most of its supporting constituency have gone. They have a right to a church of their own liking. They need the gospel no less than the people in the tenement districts. And yet the New Testament ideal of the Christian Church has never, so far as I know, been officially declared obsolete or is it incapable of realization even in this complex, modern world. And the self-centered church, no matter how sumptuous its appointments or how attractive its location, bears only by courtesy the name of church.

In Congregational circles there is heard from time to time considerable about the Puritans and Pilgrims who had much to do with the shaping of American life and institutions. Not so much is heard about the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish who also have had much to do with our life and institutions. All who have Scotch or Scotch-Irish blood in their veins will have special interest in the article which we give this week under the caption "The Scotch-Irish. Many others also will read it wil interest.

THE CHURCH VS. THE SALOON IN ILLINOIS.

James K. Shields.

[The Rev. James K. Shields, the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for Illinois, contributed recently to the Northwestern Christian Advocate an article setting forth the victory that the Church and the League have won in that great state. It is reproduced here in part.—Editor.]

Illinois is the whisky and beer center of the world, is the third state in the Union in population and contains the seocnd metropolis of the nation, and yet, during the session of the Legislature that has just closed, old Illinois has swung into line on the question of temperance legislation and possesses today one of the best and most effective temperance laws of any state north of Mason and Dixon Line. In the passage of the Berry-Sheldon Local Option Bill the voting part of three million people was enfranchised on the saloon question and the next year will witness one of the greatest campaigns against the open dramship that has taken place anywhere in America. Until the passage of this measure the people of the state had to depend upon the decisioin of city and village councils, composed of the mayor and aldermen, to decide this great moral question for every community. Henceforth the people will decide it for themselves.

The bill provides that when twenty-five per cent of the voters of a township, or of a precinct in counties not under township organization, petition for the right to vote upon the questioin of saloon or no saloon, then at the next regular election the matter is settled by a majority vote at the ballot box. It is, however, a law for the purpose of creating anti-saloon territory and not saloon territory and is so framed that no city or village, or any portion thereof, or any part of a township that is already temperance territory, can be changed or jeopardized in any way by the failure of a vote to carry in favor of anti-saloon territory. In case the vote fails to reveal a majority in favor of anti-saloon territory, the situation remains unchanged and the present dramshop law is in effect under which saloons may be licensed according to the discretion of those in authority.

The strong point about the township feature of this bill is that it will enable the farmers of the state of Illinois to help decide the question as to whether or no the dramshop shall be in the incorporated city or village in their township. It also enables the people of the incorporated village that has voted out the saloon, to help banish the cold storage house from any portion of the township surrounding the village.

In case, for any reason, the township does not care to vote as a whole, the city and village can vote independent of the township, and the majority vote will decide the question as to whether or no the dramshop shall have an existence anywhere within the corporate limits.

The law is the greatest advance in temperance legislation yet gained in the state. But, entirely aside from the question of obtaining a splendid law, the victory in the recent Legislature was one of the greatest moral triumphs ever won in the state. It has been pronounced by the national superintendent, Dr. Baker, as the second greatest victory won by the Anti-Saloon League in any of the states. It is a revelation of the value of the united effort and indicates the great possibilities of the federated churches applying Christianity through the ballot box for the uplift of the morals of society.

The League began to do practical business seven years age. Six years ago a local option bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, was assigned to the license committee, where it took just about ten minutes to cut its heart out. To make a long story short, the crystallization of forces and the growth of sentiment in the last six years has resulted in a situation where practically the same local bill of six years ago, introduced into the House and Senate of the last Legislature, was able to overshadow all other legislation, command the attention of the public press and of the entire state for four and one half months, and to be the one great problem to be settled by the Assembly, finally to be passed on the seventh day of May by that body, after the most vigorous debate, and most terrific opposition, by a vote of eighty-two to sixty-five. When the speaker of the House called up our bill on the third and final reading and the clerk began to call the roll, it was the most exciting moment seen in the session of the Forty-fifth General Assembly, yet it was evident from the beginning what the result would be. That the liquor advocates were defeated was written so plainly on their faces and in their attitude that ayone familiar with the situation could prophesy the result. When the last name had been called and eighty-two votes had been registered in its favor, five more than a constitutioinal majority, tremendous cheers of approval rang from the local option members of the House such as are very seldom heard in legislative halls. A great majority of those voting for this measure were fully as anxious as to the final outcome as the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League or any of his workers; many of them rushed from the House of Representatives to the telegraph and telephone offices to send messages to their friends throughout the state that the long-fought battle was won.

The bill is now signed by the governor and will go into effect July 1, 1907.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

[A fine series of books entitled "Men of the Kingdom" is being published by Jennings & Graham of Cincinnati. They are concerning such men as John Knox, John Calvin, John Huss, Wickliffe, Savonarola and Fenelon. Each volume in the series is to be highly commended. We shall have something a little later concerning each one of the volumes, all of which except the one on Huss are already from the press. The books are sold at $1.00 per volume. We have greatly enjoyed those that we have read—those on "John Knox: The Reformer"; John Calvin: The Statesman"; and Savonarola: The Prophet." In one of the closing chapters in the volume on "John Knox: The Reformer", the author, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Crook, asks "Where are the monuments of Knox? Where are they not?" Then follows the chapter from which we take what is here given concerning the Scotch-Irish.—Editor.]

The Scotch-Irish, whence are they? In the north of Ireland is the province of Ulster, equal to about one-fifth of the state of Ohio. A thousand years before Knox's time the Irish went over to Calendonia, and so far subdued its people as to leave their own name, Scotch, upon the land. About thirty years after Knox died, the Scotch, in return, went to Ireland, and planted in Ulster an irrepressible Presbyterian Protestantism, sons of Knox.

Thence came to the American colonies, a hundred years after the settlement of the Puritans in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia, a flood of immigration, which, entering New England, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas, broke through the Alleghanies into all the West. Following the "Antrim evacuations" in 1704, thirty thousand emigrated to America in two years.

For a long time they were busy in the work of settlement and subjugation of the soil. They helped in the Revolutionary War and the founding of the American government, silent as to their nationality; but in later years, largely through the organization of the Scotch-Irish congress in 1889, they have spoken out, made themselves known, and asserted their claims. In this they have resembled very much the floods that break from the mountains of Scotland beneath their snow and ice. It takes time to thaw, but when they break forth, they sweep all before them.

Puritanism is very loosely defined. It was pervasive, and included Protestantism in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and their successors in America. "In England it produced statesmen like Hampden, soldiers like Cromwell, poets like Milton, preachers like Howe, theologians like Owen, dreamers like Bunyan, hymnists like Watts, and saints like Baxter;" in America, Bradford, Cotton, Endicott, Winthrop, Williams.

There is some risk of these Scotch-Irish discounting Yankee Puritanism in their sweeping claims for having accomplished almost all in bringing the country to its present achievement. However, Puritans, having first had their say, can well afford to listen to this broad-shouldered, big-brained, hardy race of Scotch-Irish. In their revolt they dropped the English Rose from the triple emblem, leaving only the Thistle and the Shamrock.

The Declaration of American Independence is a Memorial.

In Wooster County, Massachusetts, as early as 1773, there were fifty families from Scotland who declared against the domination of the mother country, while the Mechlenburg Declaration in North Carolina came in 1775. When in Independence Hall, July 4, 1776, there was hesitancy about signing the Declaration , Dr. Witherspoon, a lineal descendant of John Knox, said, "To hesitate at this moment is to consent to our slavery. That noble instrument on your table should be subscribed this very moment by every pen in this house. He that will not respond to its

accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of free man, and although these gray hairs must descend to the sepulcher, I would infinitely rather that they should descend thither by the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." When in a day or two the signing took place, down went the signatures of fourteen Scotchmen. Like the stone of Scone beneath the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, the hardy Scot was never removed from his loyalty to the British throne. Gladstone, with Scotch blood in his veins, practically effected the disestablishment in Ireland, and unhappy Erin has come to her emancipation from a long, intolerable landlordism.

When, under the new Constitution, also signed by twelve Scots, Washington formed his first cabinet, he called Alexander Hamilton to the treasury; Thomas Jefferson, secretary of state; General Knox, secretary of war; Randolph, attorney-general; Rutledge, Wilson, Blair, and Iredell, associate justices,—Scotch blood in every one of them. Half of his generals in the Revolutionary War were Scotch.

In the conquest of the West, David Crocket, Scotch-Irish, pushed out of Tennessee into Texas, and perished at Fort Alamo. Daniel Boone, of the same race, was the forerunner of civilization in Kentucky, passing thence into Missouri, where he died.

Simon Kenton forced his way savagely into Ohio, and afterward joined George Rogers Clark. These were the breakers on the wave of Western civilization. Then followed the ruling type of the same Scotch-Irish. Into Texas went General Sam Houston; into Kentucky and northward into Ohio and the Northwest, pre-empting it for the American, George Rogers Clark was sent by Patrick Henry. Still other grades of the same people followed: in Tennessee, Andrew Jackson; in the central parts came Breckenridge, and later Benton; and north of the Ohio, Arthur St. Clair, Anthony Wayne, and McArthur; followed later by the McDonalds and the McCooks. Francis McCormick, lay preacher, planted Methodism on the Miami over a hundred years ago. Still later to this heart of the Republic came James K. Polk.

Again we must enter the Scotch verdict. Some of their orators claim James Madison, others have claimed Abraham Lincoln. We do not wonder at this, he was so marked by the traits of their nationality. But Nicolay traces him through seven generations of English. Another of their orators even claims Governor Corwin—"Tom Corwin, the Wagoner Boy;" he was unsurpassed in the witchery of his oratory; but was likely English or Hungarian, or both. Should they claim the merry-faced man of the moon, we could reply "Not proven." That stately great man who financiered the Republic through our Civil War, Salmon P. Chase, and Mark Hanna, who could carry a presidential campaign without campaign speeches, were both Scotch-Irish. There is on the maternal side a strain of this blood in Theodore Roosevelt. Never was there a manlier Presidential campaign than when two gifted Scotch-Irish, Christian men, headed the Republican and Democratic tickets in the persons of William McKinley and William J. Bryan. Forty colonial governers sent to this country before 1775, and twelve presidents of the United States up to date, have been of this blood. This book is written in sight of the cemetery where lies the dust of two Scotch-Irish Ohio governors, Duncan McArthur and William Allen.

They Have Been Illustrious in Law and Jurisprudence.

To name John Marshall is but to suggest a line of such: as Thomas Ewing, "Salt-Boiler" and "Nestor;" John McLean, Jeremiah S. Black, David Davis, Allen G. Thurman; Benjamin Harrison, distinguished as President, more eminent as lawyer; William C. Preston, of South Carolina, orator and senator; Attorney-General Crittenden, John G. Carlisle, and Proctor Knott—all great lawyers; Thomas Scott, secretary of the first constitutional convention of Ohio, and supreme judge; and William T. McClintick, a cultured, gifted lawyer, jurist, and Christian, an honor to his State and to Chillicothe, Ohio, where his life was spent.

Orators.

The list were too long to call. Patrick Henry, by his eloquence, decided and precipitated the Revolutionary War. Samuel Galloway, of Columbus, Ohio, was by name, temperament, and electrical eloquence, joined with piety and love of the Scriptures, thoroughly Scotch-Irish. When President Lincoln introduced him to General McClellan, he remarked, "I want to present my friend, Sam Galloway; there is but one of his kind." In the face of the coming civil war, at a great anti-Nebraska convention held in Columbus, Galloway was making an address, during which he shouted "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" It seemed as though Daniel had come again to judgment. More than any other man he brought the school system of Ohio to order.

PULPIT.

To eliminate this race from the ranks of American preachers were to rob it of much of its glory in Canada and the United States. To specify were a long, invidious task. Part of its emphasis may be seen in its contribution to Methodism as well as to Presbyterian and other Churches. It gave such as Mackenzie, McTyeire, Maffit, Axley, McGee, Cartwright, and Lakin. It has furnished the episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church with a Simpson and a Thoburn. Were the Fitzes and Macs, with all that strain of blood, to be superannuated an immediate election would become necessary to repair the wreck of the Episcopal wheel.

This race is capable of great religious enthusiasm, even to wild fire. A pair of Scotch-Irish brothers, Presbyterian and Methodist, John and William McGee, were humanly responsible for the great revival which occurred in 1800, known as the Canebrake Camp-meeting in Kentucky. It was attended with convulsions, jerks, contortions, and other unexplained and inexplicable phenomena, while out of it originated that noble, evangelical Cumberland Presbyterian Church as well as the modern camp-meeting, an institution now largely void of its original power. Ethics and entertainment have taken the place of conversion. Alexander Campbell displayed his Scottish talent and temperament in his protest against all creeds, specially in his own Presbyterian Church. He carried on his battle with an aggressiveness worthy of Knox, until today his followers amount to a million and a quarter. This Church dislikes to be called by the name of its founder, preferring that of Disciples of Christ. In truth it has become more softened into a Christian denomination with a fraternal spirit.

Educators.

In this the Scotch-Irish have greatly distinguished themselves. Blair founded William and Mary for "the glory of Almighty God." It received a land grant before Harvard. There were the Tennents and Witherspoons, McCosh of Princeton, and the late William R. Harper, of Chicago University. The Ohio University, though started by New England Puritans, has had in the line of her presidents several descendants from Ulster. The portraits of Wilson and Howard are Scotchy. McGuffy, who did so much for the literary taste of young America by his school-readers, must have been Scotch-Irish. It is certain that President William H. Scott inherited his stalwart manhood, high moral tone, religious conscientiousness, and philosophical acumen from the north of Ireland on both the paternal and the maternal side. Dr. George R. Crooks, of Drew Seminary, scholar and biographer, was of this stock. Some of the chief places in Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania are filled with Scotch-Irish. Asa Gray, whom I saw in the Rocky Mountains vie with Sir Joseph Hooker in original botany, was of this blood.

Journalism.

In journalism the race has excelled. As editors of newspapers, John Campbell started the Boston News Letter in 1704; the first north of the Ohio River, in Cincinnati, 1792, was published by William Maxwell; The Western Herald, by James Wilson, was begun in Steubenville, Ohio, in 1806. Horace Greely and his successor, Whitelaw Reid, in the Tribune, furnished fine specimans of talent; and we may add Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution; Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal; James Gordon Bennett, Simon Cameron, with Charles Hammond, of Ohio, in 1812. After him follow the McLeans, Richard Smith, Murat Halstead, Joseph Medill, Samuel Medary; James Scott in Chicago, editor of the Western Star, at Lebanon, Ohio, and author of Scott's Law taxing the liquor-traffic in his State.

McClure in Philadelphia, and Cockrill; J. B. McCullah, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat; John Frew, Wheeling Intelligencer; John Russell Young, General Stedman; Bonner, of the New York Ledger, are noted! the writer's home, Chillicothe, has one daily, that was edited by a red-hot Scotch-Irishman, William Hunter, who has recently died, and to whose courtesy the author is much indebted; and another, G. W. C. Perry, of the stock of Oliver Hazard

Perry, whose great "Lake Erie Victory" hangs in the rotunda of the Buckeye Capitol as a fine painting.

When we advance to the realm of magazine literature, we should find that greatly depleted if we take away the Macs from the list of publishers' and editors' names. Daniel Curry was a giant of this race.

We should prejudice our case by ignoring the constellation of brilliant historians, novelists, poets, theological writers, metaphysicians, and scientists, which broke forth from New England Puritanism. In this they led off; but we cannot ignore the stream of Scotch-Irish talent. In divinity Alexander and Hodge are claimed by this race; so is McCosh. Dr. McClintock, of the great Cyclopedia, a man of all-round talent, was Scotch-Irish.

In history Washington Irving is a name to conjure with, and Douglas Campbell, of multitudinous name, has changed the angle of vision in his "Puritanism in Holland, and England, and America."

Inventors.

As one hearkens to the puffs of the engine, it seems to be shouting the name of "Watt," "Watt," "Watt!" If we listen to the muffled sound of the steamboat, it will speak the name of another Scotch-Irishman, "Robert Fulton," "Robert Fulton," "Robert Fulton!"

Do you hear the singing wires overhead? Their melodious note hums the name of another of this race, "Samuel Morse," "Samuel Morse," "Samuel Morse!"

When the trolley-line carries one swinging up and down our valleys, he may hear the name of a man with a Dutch father and a Scotch mother, as it sings "Edison," "Edison," "Edison!"

Should there come ringing on your ear the telephone, hearken well and you will hear the name of a man born in Edinburgh, born again in Boston, saying "Bell," "Bell," "Bell!"

Look at the harvester rolling across the fields, and you will hear it singing its inventor's praise, "McCormick," "McCormick," "McCormick!"

When you roll along a prepared highway in carriage or automobile, you cannot forget that the Macadamized way is whispering a Scotchman's name, "Macadam," "Macadam," "Macadam!"

Old Scotia, too, has furnished naval heroes. Jean Paul Jones, with his Bon Homme Richard, was Scotch. His bones were lately brought from France to rest under the Stars and Stripes. Oliver Hazard Perry, in his conquering fleet on Lake Erie, had a vessel named Caledonia. His Scotch-Irish blood was from his mother, whose grand-

The wonder is that these Protestants and lovers of liberty could have adopted slavery. The signers of the Meclenberg Declaration sowed the Carolinas with slaves. They produced a Calhoun; then pushed their armies against the Republic under the Lees, Morgans, and Kilpatrics. A President of the United States named Buchanan had opened the way, and he was a Scotch-Irishman. One of their orators said, "They kept the commandments and all they could lay their hands on besides." They first acquired their own liberty and then that of their neighbors.

If in this list omissions occur, it is because of the great multitude of illustrious people of Scotch descent and the impossibility of exhausting the roll. What more flat than the oft-used phrase 'and others?' It generally falls from the flatterer's pen or that of the impolite. In the present case both motives are denied, and yet I hardly hope to be forgiven. I have not said everything about everybody. But no writer ever did, or ever will.

A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
The twang of truths well worn;
The jest which makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care, dear Lord, today.
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, oh give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR STUDY.

It is very spacious and very high, this out-of door study of mine,—higher far than Hawthorne's study at the Wayside and needs no ladder to be pulled up to prevent intrusion. And when one chooses to pace back and forth to collect his thoughts he can take a turn of fifty miles or more if he likes. The furnishings of the study are rich and beautiful and tasteful beyond compare. It is carpeted with soft pine needles, decorated with clumps of manzanita still in bloom, beds of **ceanathus prastratus** with comely purple flowers, tufts of delicate white alpine flax and purple lubin, sprays of golden groundsel and sprinkled with great pine cones lavishly strewn. The ceiling is as blue and spacious and serene as heaven's vault can make it, and the walls are rocky, pine-clad mountains, their upper reaches gleaming with snow. Delicious music pervades the whole,—bird melodies rising and falling above the gentle undertone of the pines. In the distance a cheery, loquacious wren, nearer the plaintive dreamy note of a peewee, the gay greeting of a chickadee, the contented roundelay of a warbler, and at intervals far away the ethereal chant of a hermit thrush. The windows of the study cannot be closed and the sunshine pours gloriously through and makes every living thing glad. The chipmunk that chatters on yonder branch and the humming bird that flits by, and the bee that goes from flower to flower on his sweet journeyings rejoice in it, as do I. It is much easier to dream than to work in such a study. And yet the thoughts that come to one under the whispering pines are pure and calm and hopeful, and truth takes on new freshness and life new zest and meaning.

If one would know where the study is, I have but to say that it is on the shores of the most crystalline lake that ever transmuted the light of the sky into brilliant, intense and varied hues to delight the eye of man—Tahoe. Turquoise and emerald, amethyst and sapphire never flashed with a serener splendor. And since Tahoe has wide and varied shores this study is beside the golden beach where the old stage road crosses the California-Nevada line. A homelike, comfortable, inviting white house stands by the roadside, protected by a noble forest-clad mountain range and encircled by great pines. A green, flower-sprinkled mountain meadow slopes down to the lake shore. The view across the Lake of Tallac and the Rubicon Range is magnificent. In the surrounding groves are picturesque log-cabins, cottages and tents, and one may camp or half-camp with every possible comfort with the hotel as a convenient refuge. An unusually hospitable and thoughtful host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, attend to the needs of their fortunate guests. It is a place of refinement, good cheer and kindliness—this Lakeside Park, where Nature and human nature are in harmony. One may tramp or drive or fish or boat or simply rest and read and drink in the pine air and sunshine and thank God and take courage. Bird-lovers and flower-lovers frequent it. There are many Berkeleyans here, including three parsons of as many different denominations—one a Parson indeed. The shout of children and the laughter of young folks echoes through the groves and reaches me in my remote study with pleasant undisturbing suggestions of wholesome human joy.

The long unclouded evenings are especially enjoyable with their gloaming or moonlight walks and rows on the lake, the blazing camp-fires and music

and games, and on Sunday evenings a simple religious service in the social hall with its cheery open fire. And the mornings with their sunshine and bird songs are full of charm. Not that the weather is invariably caressing. That could hardly be expected at an altitude of six thousand feet and more. Last evening a heavy black cloud loomed up in the west, the wind blew a gale, lightning flashed and thunder boomed. From rain the storm turned to snow and we had the novelty of a thunder snowstorm. This morning the trees and ground were mantled in white. But the sun soon had his way and already, at ten o'clock, the out-of-door study is as balmy and dry as ever. All in all the shores of Tahoe are a wonderland of splendor and beauty, a haven of rest and refreshment, and one can but wish that all his friends and acquaintances and all the rest of the world beside could share their ministry of beauty and strength.

John Wright Buckham.

Lakeside Park, Lake Tahoe, June 22, 1907.

THE MINISTRY OF REST.

By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, London, England.

"And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."—Mark vi: 31.

This is not the speech of an old man, but of quite a young man, barely thirty-three years of age, and who is burdened with the superlative ministry of the redemption of the race. All the arrangements of his public life are made on the assumption of its brevity. And yet he made time for rest! Sometimes we allow the sacredness of our labor to tempt us to regard rest as indolence and relaxation as waste. True rest is the minister of progress. The hour of seclusion enriches the public service.

What were the special circumstances which impelled our Lord to call his disciples apart? They were twofold. They had just experienced the shock of a great sorrow. John the Baptist had been done to death. The deed had come upon them as an awful collision to their rosiest expectancies. The great Deliverer was near; the Kingdom was at hand; the Divine sovereignty was about to be established; on the morrow he would be on the throne; And yet, here was the pioneer of the kingdom, in the very dawning of the victory, destroyed by the powers of the world. The disciples were stunned and bewildered. The world of their visions and imaginations tottered like a house of dreams. And it was in this season of mental confusion that our Lord called them apart to rest.

But, in the second place, there was the constant distraction of the ubiquitous crowd. "There were many coming and going." There is a strangely exciting interest about a multitude. It whips up the life to most unhealthy speed and tension. And the peril is that we do not realize the intensity when we are in it. When we are on board ship we do not realize how noisy the engines have been until for a moment they cease. We do not appreciate the roar and haste of the traffic of Ludgate Hill until we turn aside into St. Paul's. And it is even so with the influence of a crowd. It acts upon us like an opiate; it externalizes our life, it draws all our interests to the outsides of things, and we are almost unconscious of the distraction. And this was the mesmeric influence in which the disciples were constantly moving. The outsides of things were becoming too obtrusive, and the insides of things were becoming dim. And these same two presences are with us today, the calamity and the crowd, the ministers of bewilderment and distraction. And to us, as to the disciples, the call comes from the Redeemer himself: "Come ye yourselves apart unto a desert place and rest a while."

Now what will these deliberately contrived seasons of spiritual rest do for the stunned and distracted soul? In the first place, they will help us to realize the reality of the invisible, the immediacy of "things not seen." I know that if we were spiritual experts this fine perception would be experienced everywhere. But the possibility in publicity is conditioned by experiences in private. If we are to have a real sense of God in the crowd it must be by discipline in secret. We require special centres if we would spread the healthy influence over the life. One special day of rest is demanded if the entire week is to become a Sabbath. One special place is to be sanctified if the Lord is to be apprehended everywhere. In my own experience I know that the shocks of the day and the distractions of the crowd tend to remove the Invisible into the dim background, until the Invisible plays no mighty and awe-inspiring part in our lives. It is apart, in the awed quietness and individual loneliness, that the Invisible rears itself like a great mountain. When the pressure of external circumstances is relaxed, and we are alone, the veil of the temple parts asunder, and we are in the holy of holies, and we know ourselves to be in the presence of God. If we practice that Presence in the special moment it will abide with us.

In the second place, by going apart for rest we shall gain a bird's-eye view of the field of life and duty. In the midst of life's moving affairs we see life fragmentarily and not entire. We note a text, but not a context. We see items, but we are blind to their relationships. We see facts, but we do not mark their far-reaching issue and destiny. We are often ill-informed as to the true size of a thing which looms very largely in the immediate moment. Things seen within narrow walls assume an appalling bulk. A lion in your backyard is one thing; with a continent to move in it is quite another. There are many feverish and threatening crises which would dwindle into harmless proportions if only we saw them in calm detachment. There are some things which we can never see with true interpretation until we get away from them. There is nothing more hideous and confusing than an oil painting when viewed at the distance of an inch. To see it we must get away from it. Detachment is essential to the comprehension of the whole, and therefore to the discernment of a part. It is not otherwise with life. We are often too much in the thick of things to see them. We cannot see the wood for the trees, the whole for the part, the life for the living. "Come ye apart!" Leave this and that and the other, and from the place of sacred and restful detachment look over the entire field of life and duty, of purpose and destiny, and the fragment shall take its appointed place in the vast design, and shall no longer masquerade as an appalling and overwhelming totality.

Sometimes this season of discerning detachment is forced upon us by the ministry of sickness. The Lord says to a long-time healthy man, "Come apart,

I have something to say to thee. I have things to show thee which thou hast forgotten, or which thou hast never seen." And then the man is detached by sickness from his immediate labors to which he has been applying himself with fierce and blinding quest. And what frequently happens, as the outcome of his seclusion, is a transformed conception of life and destiny; "I see things quite differently now!" He had been engrossed in fireworks, and had forgotten the stars. He had been busy building and enlarging his barns and had overlooked his mighty soul. He had been feverish about the transient and negligent of the eternal. "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now——!' In the season of seclusion he obtained a corrected vision.

And sometimes a holiday provides the requisite apartness, when life passes in review, and we apprehend its true significance and proportion. I think this is peculiarly true of a minister and his ministry. We are so apt to become riveted to the mere organization, and we overlook the very products for which it was devised. We become engrossed with agricultural implements, and we forget the harvest. Now a holiday takes us apart and gives us a more comprehensive view of our work. In some of Dr. Dale's letters, as published in his biography, it is very evident how he utilized his holidays for this most fruitful purpose. He brought all his life under review—his work, the emphasis of his teaching, and the general proportions of his ministry. And what is pertinent for the ministry would be surely fruitful to all men. We may use our holiday times as seasons for looking at things from the standpoint of healthy detachment, and noting the real quality and bearings of our work, its drift and ultimate destiny.

But what holidays and sicknesses sometimes accomplish we can achieve by more immediate devices of our own choosing; by deliberately retiring from the pressure of our besieging work we can ordain a seclusion-chamber, where we can look at things in the calming, cooling, sanctifying presence of the Lord. In that sacred detachment many obscure things will become clear, "When I thought to know this it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary; then understood I . . ." And in this sacred detachment many previous emphases will be changed. Many a valley shall be exalted, and many a mountain and hill shall be made low. The thing that seemed tremendous shall sink into a plain, and some things, which we had almost ignored, shall read themselves as the very hills of God.

And there is something further. It is only by this seclusion with the Lord that we can obtain the restoration of our squandered and exhausted strength. Look at this handful of fishermen who were attending our Lord, and mark the life they were leading in these exacting days. They were subjected to the exhausting ministry of constant surprise. We all know how a day of wonders drains our strength, until even wonder itself is spent and weary. These men lived in the thick of the miraculous, and the presentation of every new infirmity was the occasion of a new surprise. I think, I say, wonder itself was dulled, and they became worn and weary. And then, on the top of it all, there was the constant drain of the crowd. The crowd sucks the very energy out of our limbs, and leaves us soft and good-for-nothing. At the time we are in the crowd the drain may be unconscious, but it is none the less real. I know that a multitude provides a stimulant, but the very stimulant consists in opening a sluice-gate of our own precious and secret resource. What a multitude seems to give, it first of all extorts. Here, then, were these men in the midst of all these draining seductions, and they were becoming tired out in body, mind, and soul. "And he said unto them, Come ye apart unto a desert place and rest a while," that in the ministry of seclusion ye may find the means of restoration.

Now this need is as pressing and serious today, perhaps even more so, than in the days of the disciples. Think of the constant drain in modern life. Think of the multiplicity of our correspondence, and every correspondence making its own exaction. Calculate the mere drain upon nerve force, the ceaseless suck upon our most vital resources, and then think of the influence of this constant efflux upon the mind, the organ of discernment, upon the emotions, the ministers of fellowship, and upon the soul, the medium of worship. Our vital strength is oozing out at every pore, and we need means of recuperation. Now there is nothing so refreshes the entire man as quiet, deep waiting upon God. Every other refreshment may be welcome, but it is only partial, and we will leave some weary power still impaired. Get the soul restored, and every part of the being will feel the mighty influence of its rejuvenation. There are multitudes of men and women who take a week-end at the seaside who would be incomparably more benefited, even in body, if they spent the week-end in quiet, restful communion with their God. There is more real recreation in one hour of communion with Christ than in a whole week of social revelries, however gracious and worthy they may be. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

PRAISE.

And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
Human and rational—report of Thee
Even less than these?—Be mute who will, who can,
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here, where Thou hast built,
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness!

. . . By Thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From paradise transplanted: wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
Come, labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual Sabbath; come, disease and want;
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee—
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things—
Father of Heaven and Earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

—William Woodsworth.

Among the Churches.

California.

Avalon.—At an "open conclave" on the 14th, our K. O. K. A. entertained their parents and the Girls' Guild. Sunday-school Promotion Day exercises were held on the evening of the 16th. The school is carefully graded, and all departments made a good showing in both regular and supplementary work. Rev. F. N. Greeley and Mrs. Greeley, of Oakland, recently spent several weeks here. Mr. Greeley preached one Sunday morning, and both pastor and people appreciated his scholarly and original sermon.

JOTTINGS AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Is there a more pleasant place on earth to live in than San Diego? If there is, this writer knows not where to find it. The land-locked harbor, the grand outlook on the ocean, the mountains round about it, the balmy health-inspiring air, the fellowship of so many good people, and whatever else might make a little earthly paradise are all there, or the potency and promise of them.

The beautiful First Church seems like a place of perpetual sunshine outwardly and inwardly. But this is an **old** story: the **new** thing to be seen was a resurrection from the dead—at any rate, this was the expression which leaped from heart to lips after the writer's visit to the Logan Heights (formerly the Second) Congregational Church. It must have been often in the thoughts of its friends in years past how best to conduct its funeral, but no one thinks of such a thing now. It is very much alive. Its well conducted Sunday-school crowds its audience room till expansion seems indispensable. The cords must be lengthened and the stakes strengthened. The lot is all ready, waiting to be used. The present building must be relegated to the useful place of a chapel and primary class-room and the church of the church's future ought to go up at once. The man used by the Master to bring about this change is Rev. A. E. Abbott—God bless him—a man who looks and talks and acts so much like the beloved Twitchell of Hartford that one seemed to be in his very presence. The Sabbath morning spent with him and his people will never be forgotten.

The annversary of our Chinese and Japanese Mission which took place at the First Church that evening was a fine success. Two years ago we went to attend its funeral, but it did not die, and that service consequently had to be postponed. It is now postponed indefinitely. Thank God, missions and churches do not readily or easily expire! The good work was helped, in cash and pledges, more than $250.

A Sunday in Santa Cruz.

It was something to be noted,—the hearty handshake, the cordial welcome, even the **thanks** expressed for coming, to one who came to ask for aid,—to a church that was gathering funds for $1,500 worth of improvements in their sanctuary, and had contributed the Sunday before $330 in cash and pledges to the sinews of war against the deadly saloon. But then such a thing is so natural with this goodly church that probably no one noted it except the brother most concerned and whose heart was most deeply touched.

The attendance upon worship both morning and evening was large; the attention inspiring, the responses generous and the Sunday-school, though just now out of its own quarters by the improvements and enlargements going on, had in its work the same vigorous life observed in former years. But that which feasted us most, was the resuscitated Endeavor Society, whose meeting was ideal. One wonders if pastors realize the possibilities that lie along this line; whether criticism does not often take the place of nurture and pastoral inspirations, till that which can be, and therefore ought to be, a very fountain of the water of life, becomes itself dry and dead. Brothers, try the other plan: the young people of today must be the church of tomorrow: is there any better chance to quicken and train and drill them than the C. E. can be made to supply?

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The United Presbyterians have bought a lot in Pacific Grove and will build a church there.

The name of the new Congregational church to be formed in San Francisco by a union of the Third and Olivet churches will in all probability be called Mayflower.

Mr. E. Herrick Brown, who went recently from California to Hawaii, has been made manager of the Hawaiian Board book trade at Honolulu. Mr. Brown was, for several years, connected with the Congregational Book Store in Boston and in Chicago.

Mrs. Mills of Mills College is visiting in Hawaii. The Honolulu Friend says: "Mrs. Susan Tolman Mills, President of Mills College, California, has just arrived for a short visit. Her eight-one years sit lightly upon her and her former pupils at Punahou, grown to ripe manhood and womanhood, are busy exhibiting their grandchildren to this wonderful Christian educator who seems to have drank of the fountain that lured Ponce de Leon to Florida. Mrs. Mills has already charmed more than one audience with her gracious gifts of speech."

Sad news has come from Tahati concerning the Rev J. K. Harrison who went thither recently for the benefit of his health. He was expected to return on the boat which reached San Francisco last week, but was in no condition to do so. In fact was in such a mental and physical state as to be unable even to write to his relatives and friends, and so letters from others brought the information. Some one will be sent on the boat which leaves the city on the 1st of July to bring him home if he is still alive. The hearts of many go out in sympathy to his loved ones in these days.

The Honolulu Friend speaks of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Warren F. Day of Los Angeles as welcome guests in Honolulu in words as follows: "Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D., senior pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, the fourth in size of the denomination and excluding Brooklyn, N. Y., the largest, has been spending a number of weeks in the Islands. He has been good enough to preach for Central Union Church several Sabbath mornings and has endeared himself to a wide circle of new friends.

Fortunately he brought with him Mrs. Day, and coming to know both, Honolulans understand the secret of the great work these two honored leaders have been privileged to do. The combination of social and spiritual gifts Dr. and Mrs. Day exhibit is a rare one and withal full of attractive power. We thank their people for lending them to us a short time and thank them for their willingness to give their days of rest to such patient kindly endeavor in seeking acquaintance with Christian enterprises here."

All denominations are perplexed over the ministerial salary matter. The Pacific Christian says: "The New York Churchman of June 1 lays its finger upon one of the causes which conspire to keep down the number of candidates for Holy Orders when it called attention to the great disparity which exists between the salaries of clergymen, who are remunerated, not in proportion to their labors or to their abilities, but in accordance with the wealth of the people to whom they minister. In this regard we have an entirely anomalous system—one which is as little Christian as it is churchly or even statesmanlike. No nation could recruit its army or its navy on such a basis, nor even the departments of its civil service. The remedy which is suggested—and which has often been suggested before—is the creation of a central fund in every diocese from which the salaries that for any reason fall below a certain sum shall be augmented. One difficulty with such a system would be the concentration of the financial power of the diocese in the hands of the Bishop, or of a central board, with the consequent possibility of favoritism and discrimination. Also, if the appropriation of supplementary grants depended upon their being applied for by the clergy themselves, there would be the certainty that the finer spirits would suffer at the hands of the coarser and the more self seeking. What is wanted is a system whereby a definite and sufficient salary shall be attached to the performance of a certain work, precisely as in the field of our secular defense; and then precisely as in that field, the creation of such an esteem for the whole service on the part of the clergy themselves as shall render the occupant of the plainest and the most retired position the equal, when he is among his fellow officers, of the occupant of the most ornate and the most conspicuous. This, which exists practically among our brethren of the Roman Catholic body, would not seem to be an entirely unachievable ideal if our efforts were directed to it."

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The shadow of a great sorrow fell upon the hearts of those who gathered at the Market Street Church, Oakland, for the June meeting of the W. H. M. U. Rev. J. K. Harrison, so closely identified with and loved by most of the churches represented in our Union, being reported by the steamer which was to have brought him home from Tahiti, as being too ill to return, if not, indeed, sick unto death. All was done that could be to give comfort, sympathy and help to his anxious and grief stricken family, and it was good to be assured that all that Christian love can do will be freely offered him there; but it will be a long six weeks before further word can be received from him.

The very interesting program which had ben prepared, on the subject of "The Old Missions of California," we recommend all the Auxiliaries to apply to Mrs. O'Brien for, and make use of for themselves.

At the beginning of the year, several definite lines of work were proposed for our next effort, and the responses of the Auxiliaries and individuals to the appeals of president and corresponding secretary are most gratifying. For the Green Sereet Church, San Francisco, the amount to be raised was left for you to decide. For practical, diversified, every-day blessing and impress for good upon its people, no church among us is doing more: let your investment in its equipment be large. In order to be sure of donations reaching their appointed object, designate them carefully. "Home Missions" has become too large and inclusive a term to be regarded as referring to the California H. M. Society alone. Each line of Home Mission work has, and must be designated by, its own distinctive name. To insure perfect justice toward all, this matter is to be brought before the annual meeting in September, with recommendations for some amendments to the constitution. As a help in securing representation for your society at all our meetings, the Alameda society suggests their plan of having two vice-presidents, whose duty it is to provide for such representation at the meetings of the Union and Foreign Board.

The Fourth Church, Oakland, and the one at Campbell, make successful use of birthday boxes in the Sunday-school, the money being divided every six months between work in Home and Foreign fields. The Cradle Roll of Pilgrim Church, East Oakland, and of Campbell report increase in numbers, and successful barrel opening parties. We miss the warm and enthusiastic reports from our babies which used to come to us so regularly.

A brave and hopeful word was given by the pastor of the entertaining church, so long overburdened by debt, and messages from the country churches telling of the benefit and encouragement derived from Mrs. Williams' letters. They take the place of the visits in former years of Mrs. M. L. Merritt, for whom and for Mrs. W. M. Searby, a fitting memorial service was held before the afternoon program. And so the work goes on, though the workers and methods change.

Our new H. M. Supt., Rev. L. D. Rathbone, will ere long be finding his place among you. Prepare the way for a blessing by many prayers for his fitness and success.

L. E. A.

MARRIED

On June 20th, at the home of the bride's parents, Berkeley, by Rev. W. H. Cross, Mr. E. J. Williams and Miss Mary H. Cross.

President Roosevelt speaks for the public schools. He says that as a people there is nothing in which we take a juster pride than our educational system. It is our boast that every boy or girl has the chance to get a school training; and we feel it is a prime national duty to furnish this training free, because only thereby can we secure the proper type of citizenship in the average American. Our public schools and our colleges have done their work well, and there is no class of our citizens deserving of heartier praise than the men and women who teach in them. The experiment of all nations is that citizenship, loyal citizenship, can be trained in no other way. He maintains however, that there is a great need of training for the shop, for the orchard and for the farm. Education he thinks has neglected the ranks of men. The mechanic, the metal worker, the man at the forge, have been neglected.

The Home.

SONG AND SILENCE.

From Holland's Marble Prophecy.

"My Mabel, you once had a bird
In your throat; and it sang all the day!
But now it sings never a word:
Has the bird flown away?

"Oh sing to me, Mabel, again!
Strike the chords! Let the old fountain flow
With its balm for my fever and pain,
As it did years ago!"

Mabel sighed (while a tear filled and fell,)
"I have bade all my singing adieu;
But I've a true story to tell,
And I'll tell it to you.

"There's a bird's nest up there in the oak,
On the bough that hangs over the stream,
And last night the mother-bird broke
Into song in her dream.

"This morning she woke, and was still;
For she thought of the frail little things
That needed her motherly bill,
Waiting under her wings.

"And busily, all the day long,
She hunted and carried their food,
And forgot both herself and her song
In her care for her brood.

"I sang in my dream, and you heard;
I woke, and you wonder I'm still;
But a mother is always a bird
With a fly in its bill!"

MANNERS AT HOME.

The most agreeable people in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the university of life. Its teachings frequently go farther in making us the true gentlemen and ladies we ought to be than all the learning and uplift of the schools.

Some useful suggestions for correct deportment were once codified by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and they have not spoiled by lapse of years. He said:

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology.

The attitude is the main point. Assure your companion that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate.

Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage, which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty.

For example: what a seneschal and detective is laughter! It seems to require several generations of education to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of man.

Sometimes, when in almost all expressions the Choctaw and the slave have been worked out of him, a coarse nature still betrays itself in his contemptible squeals of joy.

The great gain is not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning.

There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horsed on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth, instead of the solemn, customary lie.

When people come to see us, we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I can not hear what you have to say to the contrary.

A lady of my acquaintance said, "I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it."

The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common sort of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company.

Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company.

Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

The Quiet Hour.

SOMETIME WE SHALL UNDERSTAND.

By John Clark Hill.

God's hand is in everything. He is infinitely holy and wise in this. He governs all his creatures and all their actions so that it will result in the vindication of his holiness, his wisdom and his love.

There is much in our experiences that seems to contradict this conception of God as infinitely just, wise and kind. When the heart is crushed, when the eyes grow dim with tears, there is often confusion in sight, feeling and thought. The great, deep, true things we know about God are, for a time, obscured. We cannot see clearly and we say so.

How often, when some great sorrow comes, do we hear people saying, "I do not understand it! I cannot understand!" There is no definitely expressed doubt as to God's wisdom and love, but in this exclamation there is a subdued expression of a confused doubting. It seems to imply that what we may

not understand is neither reasonable nor good. Is it not a complaint that Jehovah is not just? This is no unusual thing. It is the spirit that is set forth in the fortieth of Isaiah. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from Jehovah, and the justice due me is passed away from my God?" This follows a marvelous description of the person and character of Jehovah. It was an elaboration of what God's people already, in their hearts, knew of him, but what in times of exile and discomfort and distress and gloom they were apt to forget.

God's hand is in everything. The minutest detail of our lives is embraced in his all-comprehending plan of loving and wise purposes.

Of course it is our desire to know his plan. We want to know his reasons. Would it not be a great satisfaction to us to know why he does this and that? We think so. We sometimes think we ought to know and some are inclined to reproach God with being stern and cold and indifferent, and declare that what is our just due is withheld. Such thoughts sometimes seem like angry ocean waves lashing themselves in impotent fury against a stern and immovable rock-bound coast. But it is not so.

You cry out, I do not understand and at first you mean it as a reproach, but by and by, there comes quietly to you, a renewed revelation of God's character. You pause a little, you look and listen. You keep still. You wait on Jehovah. That's what he wants you to do, and again you speak and again you say calmly, "No, I do not understand because I cannot understand." You realize that there is no searching of his understanding, that his ways are past tracing out. Then heaven-born faith asserts itself.

This present limitation of our knowledge of the mysteries of God's providence puts emphasis on the necessity for implict faith in God. All God's works, all of God's Word, all of God's dealings with man combine in the exhortation: "Have faith in God." Faith in God is that which stands as a barrier to blank despair. We must walk by faith and not by sight. We have faith in God. We have faith in his exceeding great and precious promises.

We may be staggered by the blow of affliction, we may be blinded by the darkness of sorrow and pain, we may be bewildered by the inscrutable and baffled in our struggle to comprehend the incomprehensible, we may be paralyzed by the seeming triumph of the forces of evil in the battle against the good, but in it all we hear a calm reassuring voice that impels confidence saying: Have faith in God.

But this is not all. Faith will one day give place to sight. We have the divine assurance that there is to be an anlargement of vision, an expansion of knowledge.

What God does to us now we do not understand because we cannot. Paul gives the true explanation and one that appeals at once to our reason. Now we are as children. This is the infantile stage of our existence. Perfected manhood comes later. It is reserved for the complete expansion of life. So Paul says, when I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

The child's knowledge is very imperfect, limited, partial. Hereafter we shall understand. Then our eyes shall be opened, our mental faculties enlarged. Faith will give place to immediate knowledge. And so of the thousand of questions we are constantly asking, the Master says to us: What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt understand hereafter. Hereafter we will be able to see things in their true relations. The veil will be removed. Disjointed factors in our lives will be seen as one harmonious whole. There will then be no enigma of life. There will be no puzzles.

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand."

If all my years were summer, could I know
What my Lord means by his "Made white as snow"?
If all my days were sunny, could I say
"In his fair land he wipes all tears away"?
If I were never weary, could I keep
Close to my heart, "He gives his loved sleep"?
Were no graves mine, might I not come to deem
The life eternal but a baseless dream?
My winter, yea, my tears, my weariness,
Even my graves may be his way to bless,
I call them ills, yet that can surely be
Nothing but good that shows my Lord to me.

Young People.

JUNE.

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

—James Russel Lowell.

AN ADVENTURE... .. ..

Mother and I had decided to open our summer house at Wallaquissett during my Easter vacation. The house needed its annual cleaning, and there would be no other opportunity before May 30, when we wanted to have a house-party at the farm. Just

before we were ready to start, my cousin Belle ran over to protest against our going.

"It isn't safe, auntie, for you two unprotected women to go to that forsaken place so early in the season. If anything should happen to you there would not be a soul within half a mile to give you any assistance. I wish you would not go!"

"Why, Belle," laughed my mother, "what could possibly happen to us at Wallaquissett? There are no bears, wolves, nor wild Indians anywhere in Rhode Island now."

"But there might be tramps or drunken men," suggested Belle as we started.

Our summer home had been a deserted farmhouse, and stood, as Belle had said, half a mile from the nearest neighbors at this time of the year. In summer the old Smith place, near us, was occupied by people whom we knew, and there were plenty of campers in the woods beyond. But in spite of our isolation, mother and I were not at all afraid, and only hoped for warm and pleasant weather during our early outing. It seemed that this wish was not to be gratified, for the clouds gathered while we were on the train, and by the time we had reached Wallaquissett a strong, cold wind was blowing from the east.

Just after we arrived at the house we heard sleet upon the windows and we were glad to find plenty of dry wood in the woodshed. We soon had a bright fire glowing on the hearth of the living-room. As we were hungry after our long ride we opened the basket brought from home and prepared our supper as quickly as possible.

"Now, mother," said I when supper was over, "you make yourself comfortable in the sitting-room, while I whisk these dishes off. I'll be with you before you have taken forty winks."

She had hardly left the room before I heard what sounded like a knock upon the window. I jumped and said to myself, "Why, how that window rattles! It sounded almost like some one giving three taps on the pane." I passed on into the pantry and back again two or three times, when the knock came again in three distinct taps.

"Mother," said I, rushing into the sitting-room, "some one is knocking on our window."

"Oh, nonsense," she answered, "the wind is rattling the blind, and Belle's unnecessary suggestions have made you timid. Who could be out there in this storm?"

"I don't know," said I, "but I have heard it twice, and I wish you would come out."

So to satisfy me, though still doubting, she came into the living-room and walked toward the window Just then the three taps came again.

"Who is there?" said mother in a loud voice. No answer. "What is wanted?" she asked again, but still there was no answer. Then she pulled the shade down, and motioned to me to go back into the sitting-room.

"The doors are all locked," she said, "so no one can get in."

We listened for a while, but could hear no footsteps nor voices.

"Oh, mother" I cried at last, "we shall not sleep a wink tonight unless we know who is out there. We must open the door and find out."

So I resolutely took the lamp in my hand, marched to the door and unbolted it. Then I flung the door wide open and called out, "What do you want?" No answer came from the inky darkness, and a wild gust of wind nearly extinguished my light, so I was forced to turn back. Then I went to the window and raised the shade, but could see no one outside. Finally I raised the window, and in came—a kingbird! Poor fellow, he had made his northern migration too early and now was nearly numb from the cold and exposure. He had been attracted by the light of our hearth fire and wanted to share its warmth! Flying to a portiere pole, he alighted and began to dress his feathers.

"Well, sir!" said mother, "you have given us a good fright, but you are welcome to spend the night here if you wish." So we went back to the sitting-room.

Before going up to bed we looked in, to see how our unexpected guest was faring, and found him comfortably settled upon the couch in the folds of the afghan.

"Poor little traveler, he must be hungry and thirsty," said I. "What can we find for him to eat? There are no flies in the house, I am afraid." I rummaged around in the pantry for a while, where the most promising thing I could find for a bird's bill of fare proved to be some pearl barley; so I scattered a handful of this on the floor and set down a saucer of water before going upstairs.

In the morning we opened the east porch door, supposing the kingbird was now ready to go; but he seemed to have no intention of leaving such comfortable quarters, and remained with us quite contentedly all the morning. By afternoon the storm was over and the sun shone out bright and warm. Mother and I thought we would take a little walk out to the orchard, and we left the west door open while we went out. When we came back the kingbird was gone.

"Well," said I, "we have had a visit, not from a tramp, but from a king. Shall we tell Belle?"

"Oh, yes," answered mother, "it is too good a story to keep, even if she does interrupt in the middle of it to say 'told you so.'"—The Sabbath Recorder.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

In the morning he's a pirate, with a cutlass and a gun,
And we tremble at the flashing of his eye;
His name, as he informs us, is an awe-inspiring one:
"Lord Ferdinando Roderigo Guy!"

By ten o'clock our pirate has renounced his gory trade;
In armor now, he has a lance and shield;
He gallantly advances to defend a helpless maid,
And we know that bold "Sir Lancelot" has the field.

And next, a sulking savage, he is lurking in the hall,
Most alarming in his feather war array;
But he graciously assures us he will answer if we call
H'awatha Mudjekeewiss Ojibway!"

As "Horatio Nelson Dewey" he's an admiral of parts,
And last in all his catalogue of names
Comes the very simple title under which he rules our hearts,
For when he's sound asleep he's merely "James!"

—St. Nicholas.

One Eastern railroad has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals on its right of way. Recently a track foreman had the killing of a cow to report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

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SPRING FEVER.

"I'm so tired." We hear this expression very frequently in the spring time. People search far and near for tonics to tone up and quicken their languid spirit. They take all sorts of relishes to increase their appetites. The "Patent Medicine Man" comes in for his share of the profits, and every kind of home remedy is brought out. "That tired feeling," has become a very common slang phrase.

This condition is almost as common in the spiritual world. After the strenuous days of the winter campaign a relaxation is experienced. The jaded, tired spirits seek retirement and rest. Those who can, with the earliest signs of spring, hie away to their summer homes. The Sunday School teacher must have a very, very much-needed vacation and rest. The pupils suffering from a similar "tired feeling" and a consequent disinterestedness, naturally drop out for the hot months. The Epworth Leaguer comes dragging in when the League service is half over and drops into the last seat and, half asleep, listens to a few of the faithful and some of the elder members as they take part in what he considers a dry, uninteresting meeting. When the meeting ends he goes out not enough interested in the Kingdom to stay for the regular church service. On his way home he joins a large company of tired pessimists who say, "The League has lost its power to attract and hold the young people." Is that the real difficulty? Emphatically no. He has the spiritual "Spring Fever," and needs a powerful tonic. This same condition very largely prevails in every department of the church. With the unfolding of the beauties of nature and the multiplication of outside attractions and allurements, the opening of parks and public resorts of all kinds, with "soft drinks" and band concerts, the running of Sunday excursion trains, the church should exhibit her choicest attractions and display an abounding life.

Instead of this there is a manifest decline in the enthusiasm, earnestness and vigor, and consequently in the attractiveness of the church. That "tired feeling" prevails. "It is too hot." "The services are not interesting." "The sermon is too long and tedious." "I ought to spend the day with my family." "I ought to visit mother." "Sunday is the only day I have to rest." These, and a thousand other excuses, spring to the lips at once; but each is a voice of that "tired feeling" that is the result of some "Spring" worldly opiate. What the whole church needs is a strong, powerful tonic. The tonic should be taken before the spring days and "that tired feeling" get possession.

Then, instead of the members of God's church being languid, tired, uninterested, dragging along in a poor, miserable, half-dead condition, while the world's sirens are singing their sweetest music, they would display religion at its best. No minor-keyed music would be sung. No long faces, no signs of weariness would be shown. But glad-hearted, happy, smiling-faced followers of Christ would bear the Gospel of glad tidings to the waiting world.

The new evangelism is to take the Gospel to the people. In parks and streets and lounging places. To do this effectively the whole being must be thrilled and animated with an intense and over-mastering love for humanity. The worker must see visions of the world's needs, and hear the thorn-crowned, nail-pierced Nazarene say, "Go disciple all nations." This would be a sure cure for spiritual spring fever.—Rev. J. Biglow McClay, Ph.D., in Western Christian Advocate.

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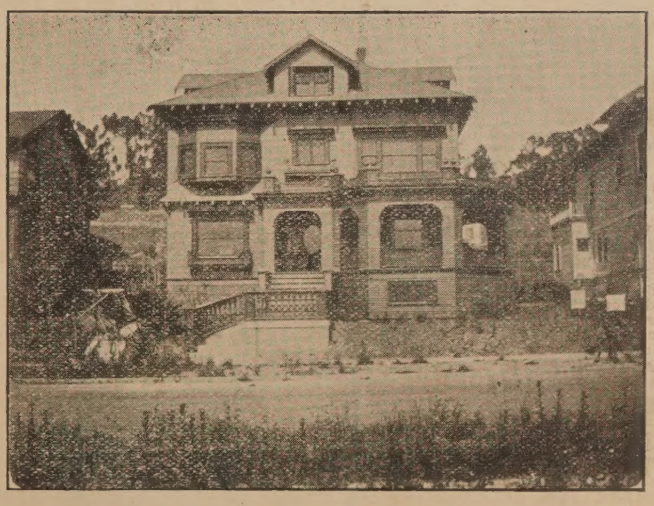

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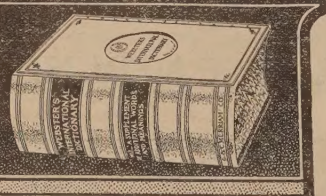

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—Longfellow.

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